

Good Morning 240

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

EXPERTS BUSY

ON "THE OLD ENEMY"

By John Fleetwood

NINE out of every ten watches cannot be repaired because most watchmakers are tied to Government work. As for alarm clocks, despite batches of 100,000 which turn up at odd times from Canada and the United States, millions of people who desperately need new ones will not get them until after the war.

Meanwhile, all sorts of novel dodges are in use for waking workers whose worn-out "alarms" have had to be relegated to the scrap-heap. Bulk wakings by telephone exchanges; systems wired to a central electric control.

A device in prospect is one that was years ago used by Basingstoke Fire Brigade. Bells installed in bedrooms would be operated by special

current sent over electricity wiring in workers' own homes. They can be tuned to ring at a fixed time like any alarm clock. In some districts the knocker-up has been revived as a job.

Timepieces now coming to us from abroad are altogether inadequate to meet the demand, but a great post-war scheme is in prospect to repair the old timekeepers, make good the present shortage, and compete with the revival of imports.

Lads in the trade are already getting busy, and the trade's Guild have an ambitious plan to attract the best types of boys into the industry. The experts in the trade are thinking about the making and servicing of timepieces of the future, not only of the normal types, but at the scientific end.

Already there are clocks that turn on and extinguish lighting systems; timepieces with mechanisms so delicately adjusted as to be automatically wound up by changes of temperature as little as one degree Fahrenheit; "shadow clocks," which throw the time on the ceiling for the benefit of bedridden hospital patients.

The future will include watches that run without oil, radio-controlled clocks, even watches with the works sealed up in a vacuum. Then, maybe, your watch will be quite willing to forget all about overhauls.

At the moment the home trade—what is left of it—is kept fully occupied looking

after the thousands of timepieces in large public buildings and public utility services.

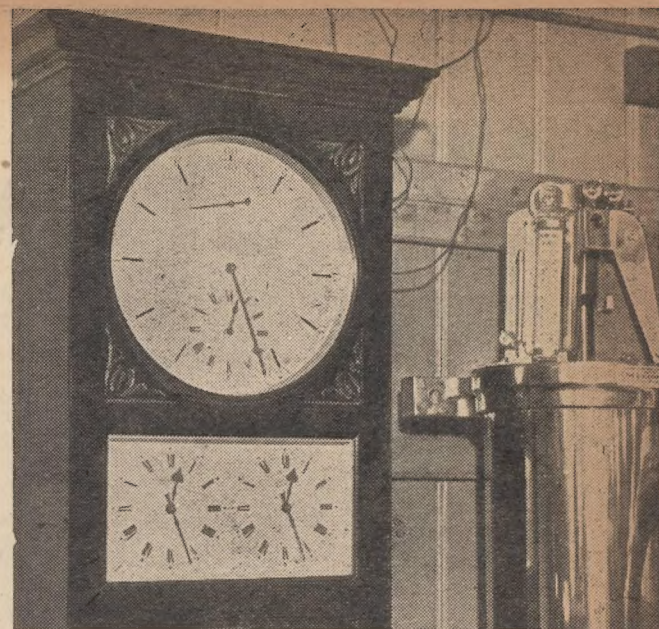
There are nearly 300 in Buckingham Palace alone, many of them marvels of ingenuity and intricacy. One expert spends his whole time (five to six days a week) winding and keeping them in order.

Over 330 run on in the Houses of Parliament, but in the House of Lords, which remains faithful to old traditions, the time taken in its divisions still continues to be marked by a sand-glass.

Some time ago, Big Ben, when workmen were recently repairing his dial, did something he has seldom been known to do before—stop. Neither hands nor mechanism had been touched. Then, "Blimey!" gasped one of the men, "where's me 'ammer?"

It was found on the hour spindle bracket. Wedged, it had jammed the works, stopping the clock at 10.13 p.m. Millions of radio listeners the world over missed the familiar boom at midnight. Nothing could be done in the black-out, but next morning the hammer was retrieved, and Big Ben, appeased, talked to the world once more.

Ten London Transport men will have their first severe headache of the year when summer time returns and 3,000 clocks must be altered at depots, garages, works, and



Greenwich has world's most accurate clock

along hundreds of miles of road and Underground in the 2,000 square miles which the company covers.

So will the Post Office men detailed to put forward the G.P.O.'s 10,000 clocks in London alone. On one railway system there are well over that number, as well as 20,000 official watches of guards, drivers and station-masters.

Formidable tasks, since these and thousands more official clocks and watches must, as well, be kept always in good order. It allows little time or labour for the repair of private timepieces, and none at all for producing new ones. Four years of labour shortage have borne hard on family clocks and watches. While the shortage lasts it becomes more and more essential to take meticulous care of what we still have.

Just how? By keeping clocks away from outside walls. But before moving a grandfather or grandmother clock, it is wiser to take out the pendulum, or to stuff a good wad of soft material behind it to prevent damage to the delicate spring. See, too, that the kitchen clock is placed as far as possible from the boiler or the gas stove. Steam and fumes play hell with steel and brass. Wear on the rim which encloses the glass, in fact on all external metal fittings, is arrested by a coat of white enamel.

If the clock at home has a white-painted or brass face, tell the folk not to clean it with water. In time this would remove the black figures; it's better to use oil. And wear your watch during thunderstorms; atmospheric vibrations are then far less likely to break brittle springs.

Wind it in the morning, not at night; a watch works harder by day, and appreciates this extra thought.

Now, in factories, a clock-controlled mechanism is often installed, probably the first robot devised to replace the labour of men.

One type of modern time-

recorder checks the janitor's own rounds, another records the arrival and departure times of the firm's employees.

Timekeeping to-day is a matter of mechanised precision, and the man we have to thank for its inception is the father of English clock-making, one Thomas Tompion, son of a blacksmith, who, as a beginning, regulated the wheels of a meat-roasting jack 300 years ago.

It is a far cry from the roasting jack—farther still from the slowly leaking Egyptian water bowl, the earliest "clock" of which a specimen survives—to the modern perfection in timekeepers. But efficient enough for the placid peace-lovers of the period was the picturesque sundial.

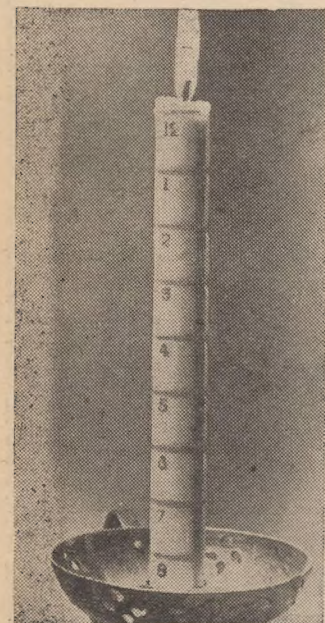
One noted, still-cherished specimen in the little village of Eyam, whose population was wiped out by the Great Plague, was designed to tell the hour of the day almost the world over—in Calcutta, Mecca, Jerusalem, Istanbul, Rome, Tenerife, London, Bermuda, Quebec, Panama. Its accuracy, maybe, is doubtful, but it was a grand idea.

In the hamlet of Wenham, Suffolk, is a church which is the proud possessor of the first electric clock. Installed about fifty years ago, the clock's electricity was first derived by the oxidation of zinc plates buried in the churchyard and connected to the mechanism by copper wires.

The clock on Eldersfield Church, Tewkesbury, has been said to have the most unique and wonderful mechanism in the world. Taking fifteen years to make, it was constructed from the spring of a gramophone, bicycle wheels and a lawn mower.

Other parts came from an old door-knocker, pieces of harness, and a steel poker.

The pendulum is a skittle and a penny, the framework was made from the timber of an old gatepost and the tailboard of a wagon. And, believe it or not, this ancient, ingenious masterpiece, with occasional attention, still keeps admirable time.



King Alfred's "Candle Clock"

"OH, WILL, WILL!" Sighs

ANDRE THORNWOOD

RECENT events have started quite a boom in will-making, and one big stationery shop in London has taken advantage of the boom by putting up a notice: "Don't give anybody trouble. Make your will and save arguments."

But some wills that have been lately proved have done anything but "save arguments," and some of them have even baffled the law in administration because of the fantastic conditions of the wills.

Take the case, for instance, of the will of the Dowager Lady Sackville, famous as a hostess in Edwardian days. She directed that her body be cremated and the ashes presented to Alfred English's oyster shop in Brighton, because she had been a regular oyster-eater there.

The cremation took place, and the ashes were left in "state" on the counter, but ultimately they were taken out to sea and deposited on the waves which wash the English Channel.

Mrs. Kathleen Sherwood, of New South Wales, laid it down in her will that her ashes were to be taken and scattered over the North Sea near the spot where Kitchener was lost on H.M.S. "Hampshire" in June, 1916. It was found that this could not be done, however, because all she left was £500, and that was not sufficient for the conditions of the will to be carried out.

Lieutenant Richard Laybourne, of Monmouthshire, found a way whereby his memory will always be remembered in the Welsh Guards. He was but 23 years of age when he was killed in an R.A.F. accident, and in his will he directed that £500 should be set aside out of his money for the buying of a bottle of champagne. This was to console the Welsh Guard officer who was on duty on Saturday nights between the cold nights of October 1st and March 31st every winter.

He also left £3,000 for supplying cigarettes and beer to all Welsh Guards, to be consumed on his birthday; and if there was any surplus it was to go towards providing comforts to poor and needy Welsh Guardsmen who had enlisted in Monmouthshire.

A curious will was debated some time ago in the London courts. The testator left all his money to his sons on condition that they would not become

A strange will was that of Mr. E. J. Halley, of Tennessee, who laid it down that he wanted to give 5,000 dollars to "the nurse who removed the pink monkey from the foot of my bed," and he also bequeathed a similar amount to the maid who "removed the green snakes from my soup."

Of course, Mr. Halley was a victim of delirium tremens. But the sums were paid, because it was held by the Tennessee court that Mr. Halley actually saw the creatures and had been relieved by the persons concerned.

At Leighton Buzzard there still is held a strange custom during the beating of the bounds of charity lands annually. A choirboy is expected to stand on his head during the ceremony, and the man who made this condition in his will was the late Matthew Wilkes, a 17th century merchant. He laid this down in his will because, he said, he intended people to know all about boundaries.

Mr. Wilkes also decided that each choirboy was to be provided with a glass of beer and a plum roll. But nowadays the boys receive a sum of money in lieu of the beer and roll.

But perhaps the most sarcastic will ever penned was that of an American gentleman in Oklahoma. This is what he wrote: "To my chauffeur I leave my cars, since he has almost ruined them already, and he must finish the job. To my butler I leave what remains of my wine stock, from which he stole frequently, so that he may get drunk for the last time at my expense. To my wife I leave my pants, for she has wanted to wear them always. To my banker, my overdraft."

L/S ALBERT ROBINSON

—Michael's a keen Footballer

ALTHOUGH he's not yet two years of age, your fair-haired son is already keen on football, Albert, and when the "Good Morning" man called at Joel Place, Oldham, Lancashire, there was Michael putting in vigorous dribbling with a cloth ball your wife had made for him.

He's so keen on football, your wife told us, that he sometimes punts his orange rations around—but not for long! They are too full of valuable vitamin C for that treatment.

We guess this keenness for the grand old game is inherited from you, Albert; you played Rugby with the Water-

head, Oldham, team, didn't you?

Young Michael is already acquiring a ready speech, and when we were at your home he pointed to your photograph on the wall and told us:

"Daddy a sailor. My Daddy on boat."

As you can see from the photograph, he's growing a bonny boy. And all's well at home, Albert.

The message from home ends:

"All my love. God bless you."



A
SAXON
POCKET
SUNDIAL,
A.D. 900



Concluding THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR

By Richard Keverne

BLACKMAILER'S DOOM

RELUCTANTLY Merrow went with Salter to the Priors. A constable directed them to the back door, where they found Mace. The Inspector was jubilant.

"I'll show you something, Mr. Salter," he said. "I've never seen anything like it in MY life, and I don't believe you have. Talk about the skeleton in the cupboard—my oath! He's got about a couple of thousand skeletons here. Come this way."

He led them along a passage and opened a door. They saw a small wine cellar, stone flagged, with stout wooden bins, and two of the walls were of ancient masonry, a survival of the old priory.

"Kept something more valuable to him than drink here," Mace chuckled. "Found it by sheer chance. Mace seized a shelf and pulled it forward."

★ ★ ★

With it came a section of matchboarding at the back, displaying a small door from which a few stone steps led. The Inspector stooped and went forward. They followed into blackness. Mace switched on a light.

"Here are the skeletons," he said. "Lord! I bet there'd be a lot of people sleeping badly to-night if they knew what's in here." Merrow saw a small stone chamber with vaulted roof, and set around its aged walls a number of modern filing cabinets. "There's the stock-in-trade," Mace went on. "All labelled as neat as if it was a London office."

It took Merrow some moments to realise the meaning of this strange chamber. But when he did he was first dumbfounded, then furiously angry. Baldock had neatly filed in folders in those cabinets a huge mass of potential blackmailing material—letters, memoranda, photographs, cheques and papers of every kind.

Salter said, "By God, he was thorough!" "Thorough! Damn it all, he could turn up some shady detail about half the rich people in the county in a couple of minutes by the look of it. I know his sort will pay for any scraps likely to be useful—dud cheques, incriminating letters, and so on. But this! I don't mind telling you it's got me scared. I've had a look at one or two, and then I phoned the Super. for instructions, and he's advising the Chief. No one ought to see this stuff—it ought to be burned."

Salter nodded. "You're right, Inspector," he agreed. "I knew Baldock was as rotten as anything ever made, but I didn't know he went in for it on wholesale lines like this."

"That's not all," Mace said. "Have a look here." He opened one of the bigger cabinets. It was crammed with bank notes neatly done up in packets. "Mr. Salter, there must be ten thousand quid here. The man's a miser."

"And some of it's stuff that's been paid to him and he's afraid the numbers were taken," Salter said quietly. "There are a hundred fivers my client paid over to Charlton not long ago. I've got the numbers. It would be interesting if we found them. Quite good evidence."

"Evidence—I should think it would be," Mace exclaimed. "I never thought of that, Mr. Salter."

"And while we're talking

about evidence," Salter went on, "you might have a look in the A to D cabinet under Denninton. It might help the case against Charlton."

After a few minutes' search Mace produced a folder. Salter took it from him, went through it carefully and said suddenly, "Got him. There's all you want here. Everything he used to squeeze my client. You've seen the Warren file, I suppose?"

Mace said, "Yes. It's the only one I've taken. There's the letter in it from her fiancé; Baldock was fool enough to keep that."

Merrow turned away. He was nauseated. It was perfectly right, he admitted, that these two men should treat this business



—Is it coupon-free?

in so matter-of-fact a way. It was their job. Crime, even in this horrible form, interested them. Baldock was clever, they admired his cunning.

But to Hugh Merrow those glossy filing cabinets with their horrible contents were abominable beyond expression. In them he saw only misery, drawn-out suffering, despair for hundreds of wretched people.

He thought of Janet Warren as he had seen her at dinner that night. Of Gwen in the fierce headlights of Baldock's car, her arms thrown out to ward off the coming menace. He wanted to get out of this charnel-house of hidden shame.

"I think I'll be getting off," he said, and Salter broke off his conversation with Mace to answer cheerily, "Right you are, Mr. Merrow. I'll be along presently."

Merrow went out, past saluting policemen, into the heat of the afternoon, cold and deflected. Yet as he turned the corner by the inn and looked up as he always did at the hanging sign, the Black Boy seemed to have a smile in his queer white eyes,

and suddenly the gloom lifted in his heart.

Instinctively, Hugh Merrow checked the car as it topped the gentle rise where the road swung sharply to the left.

The tall beech tree at the corner was nearly bare. From the great upstanding chimney blue wood smoke was drifting lazily into the still frosty air.

Merrow turned the car slowly into the inn yard. A beady-eyed little man came hurrying from the inn at the sound of the car. Merrow called to him.

"Afternoon, Jim. Bring my luggage in and lock the garage for me, will you," he said.

Jim Bailey lifted a forefinger jerkily towards his forehead. Merrow passed into the inn by the back door.

From somewhere at the back old Stephen Paternoster appeared. The old fellow's eyes wrinkled in a welcoming smile.

"Glad to see you back again, sir," he said. "And I hope you had a good holiday."

"Grand, Stephen. Best I ever had in my life," Merrow answered.

"And I'm sure you deserved it, sir, after all that bad business. But there, I reckon we've finished with that now."

"I hope so," Merrow drifted into the Parlour and was warming his hands by the blazing fire. "Stephen, I'm cold and thirsty. I want a drink. Something long and warming."

"Well, sir, what about a pint of strong ale?"

"All right, Stephen, it sounds good to me. Better bring two pints," Merrow laughed.

Stephen departed, to return with two foaming mugs.

"Well, how have things been going since I've been away?" Merrow asked after a long drink.

"Quiet, sir, but not too bad. Chance trade very good considering the time of year, and one or two in most nights."

"Milly settling down all right?"

"Yes. She likes it, and reckons she'll like it more when we're busier."

"Bailey happy in his new job?"

Stephen laughed.

"That's a masterpiece, that is, sir. Little Jimmy Bailey—you'd think he'd been in regular service all his life. I always reckon if he were handled right he'd make a decent workman. Yes, he's happy enough, sir."

Merrow took another long pull at his mug.

"Well, Stephen, I hope I'm back to work for good now. There's lots to be done before next April. By the way, I must have a word with Milly presently. I want a rather special dinner to-morrow night. Sir Philip Argent—you remember him—the doctor who used to come here—"

"I remember him well, sir."

"He's driving—Miss Darcy

down to-morrow, and I want to show them what the 'Black Boy' can do."

"What did you have in mind, sir? Milly'll manage it, I'm sure."

"Something simple, but really English. I've brought a barrel of oysters down with me. Then I thought we'd have some partridges. Milly will have to fix up a fancy sweet for the lady, but the doctor and I will have cheese. We've got a Stilton in good condition, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir. A beauty."

"Right. Then if you can get some walnuts—a bit late, but you might try. And some fresh fruit. We've got apples—"

"There's some nice Coxes, just ready now, up in the loft."

"Well, see what you can get."

"You'll deal with the wine, sir?"

"Yes. We'll see what they feel like. But I'll get up a couple of bottles of that 1912 port to-night. Give it time to settle and get the right temperature. Sir Philip's rather fussy about his port."

Merrow finished his drink.

"I'll get along and unpack, Stephen, and then come and start work. It's good to be back again."

"I am glad to hear you say that," the old man said, with obvious sincerity. "You know, sir, I sometimes had a feeling that all this—this trouble you've been through since you bought the old house would have sort of turned you against it."

"Not a bit of it, Stephen."

"And the young lady, too. I never thought she'd want to see us again. She's all right now, sir?"

"Quite."

"Will she be carrying on with the furnishings and that here now, sir?"

"Yes. She'll be staying quite a long time, Stephen," Merrow hesitated. Then he blurted out: "In fact, Stephen, I hope she'll be staying for the rest of her life. You see—we got married a fortnight ago."

"What, sir!" Old Paternoster's hand went out. "Now I am glad to hear that, Mr. Merrow. I am glad. Just what the old 'Black Boy' wants a nice lady to look after things. Now that is good news. And fancy me never suspecting."

Stephen picked up the two empty mugs.

"I'm going for two more pints, sir, to drink your and your lady's health," he announced firmly.

THE END

ODD QUOTES

There are two reasons for drinking. One is when you are thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it. . . . Prevention is better than cure.

T. L. Peacock
(1785-1866).

Where I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched underneath.

Dean Swift
(1667-1745).

I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered: which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition.

Pepys.

WANGLING WORDS—195

1. Put three musicians in PA . . . TISM and make love of country.

2. Rearrange the letters of NICER SECRET and make a West Country town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LAMBS into TALES, ZERO into COLD, SLEEP into DREAM, SOUP into STEW.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CONGREGATION?

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 194

1. PLATINUM.
2. SHANGHAI.
3. CRIB, CRAB, CRAM, CLAM, SLAM, SEAM, SEAT, PEAT, PERT, PART, CART, CARD.

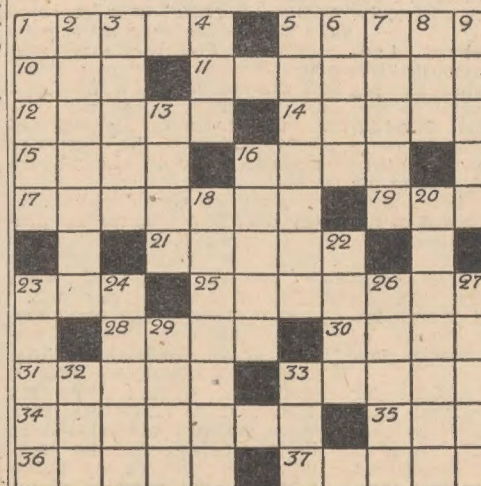
DAME, LAME, LANE, MANE, MADE, MAZE, LAZE, LAZY, LADY.

PRUNE, PRONE, CRONE, CRANE, CRAPE, GRAPE, TANK, BANK, BANG, HANG, HUNG, HUNS, GUNS.

4. Gale, Gain, Nice, Line, Nile, Lane, Nail, Lain, Lace, Cage, Gill, Leal, Cane, Ling, Call, Cell, Lean, Clan, etc.

Niece, Angle, Again, Glean, Clean, Lance, Liege, Clang, Cling, Angel, Ingle, Alien, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1 Scoop.
5 Demonstrates.
10 Wheel-centre.
11 Meantime.
12 Overhead.
14 Narrow elevation.
15 Cotton fluff.
16 Heart.
17 Small bird.
19 Nonsense.
21 Cloth.
23 Hostel.
25 Harmonises.
28 Requests.
30 Valley.
31 Pick.
33 De-lighted in.
34 Income.
35 Unit of energy.
36 Swarms.
37 Compact.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Ray of light. 2 Window bar. 3 Concerning. 4 Equipment. 5 Blows. 6 Inheritor. 7 Injunction. 8 Head covering. 9 Edible fish. 13 Experienced. 16 Salad plant. 18 Rouses. 20 Stab!emen. 22 Old bird. 23 Motionless. 24 Unaffected. 26 Black. 27 Waterside plant. 29 Stalk. 32 Shelter. 33 Guided.

HOP WRONG L
OBESE KAURI
BOTHER VAIN
BEAR EMERGE
Y LEDGE DIN
S WOUND D
COR CLUES T
ALASKA BITE
BUSH REASON
ASTIR FRAME
L ENACT LET

QUIZ for today

1. An eyas is an Arabian mule, hawk, tropical moth, part of a watch, fungus?
2. Who wrote (a) The Story of San Michele, (b) The Story of the Gadsbys?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Pine, Fir, Larch, Spruce, Cypress, Yew?
4. On what river does Chester stand?
5. What is the world's busiest railway station?
6. What is the latest date on which Easter can fall?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Paecepitous, Surgeon, Gullible, Pronunciation, Hypocrisy, Harlequin?
8. What rank in the R.A.F. is equivalent to a Naval Commander?
9. What is the capital of Bermuda?
10. How long is a kilometre in English measurement?
11. For what do the letters C.V.O. stand?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) The Lion and the —, (b) The Walrus and the —.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 239

1. Surplice.
2. (a) William Morris, (b) Samuel Butler.
3. Kipling was never Poet Laureate; others were.
4. Tene.
5. Mr. A. V. Alexander.
6. Lady Day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, Christmas.
7. Illegible, Defensible.
8. Senior Commandant.
9. 24.
10. The Passion Play.
11. Lagos.
12. (a) Oliver, (b) Tweedle-dee.

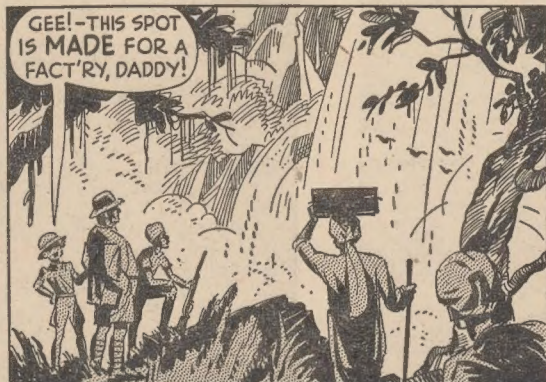
JANE



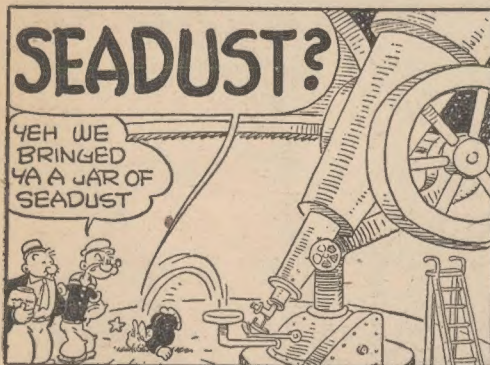
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



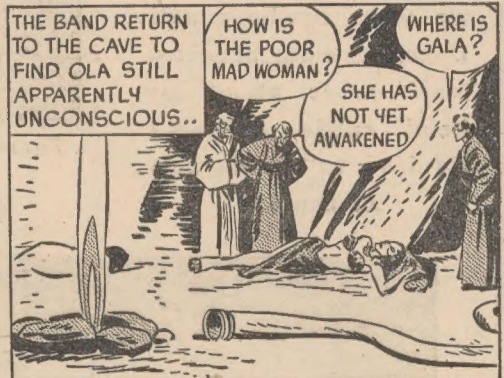
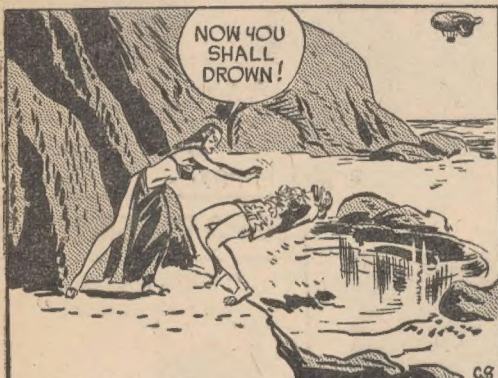
POPEYE



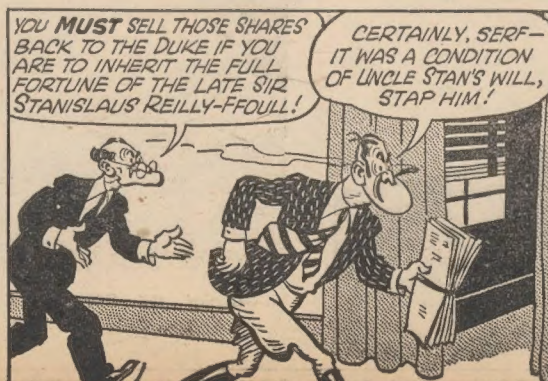
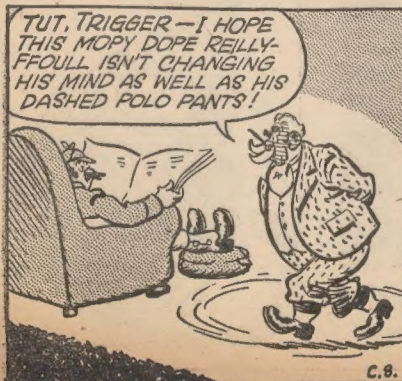
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Hardly Shipshape No. 12

ROTOR-SHIPS

By E. W. DROOD

THE shallow-draught stern-wheel steamer "Inez Clarke," and her sister, the "General Troquilla," built in 1879 by Messrs. Yarrow for the mail service on the Colombian river Magdalena, were unusual types, for they carried both engines and boilers on deck, the reason being the very shallow waters of the river.

Constructed of galvanised steel plates from 1-5in. to 1-10in. thick, they were divided into 18 watertight compartments. The engines were placed aft, and acted directly on to the paddle-wheel shaft, whilst to distribute weight the boiler was at the fore part of the ship.

Two deep trusses served to resist hogging and give longitudinal strength to the structure, and also formed supports for the two flying decks, upon which the saloon accommodation was provided.

The engines were of the two-stage expansion type, with a high-pressure cylinder of 15in. diameter on one side, and a low-pressure cylinder of 27in. diameter on the other.

The boiler was of the locomotive type, with a divided fire-box and large grates, suitable for burning wood. The two grates were fired alternately, and forced draught from a fan was delivered into a closed ash-pit.

The fan assisted in ventilating the various saloons, and the fan engine was fitted for driving a circular saw for cutting up the timber used for fuel.

With a draught of 15 inches the two vessels could do over 13 knots. Their displacement when light was 73 tons, with a draught of 12 inches. With a load of 90 tons they drew 24 inches. They were 130 feet long, with a breadth of 28 feet. Owing to the shallow draught three rudders were fitted.



THE BARBARA

The German rotor-ships of the nineteen-twenties came, created a minor sensation, and went.

Based on the principle that a wind impinging on the side of a rapidly turning cylinder tended to propel the cylinder along a line in a forward direction, Anton Flettner, a German, thought that if the cylinder could be fixed to a boat and made to turn by the power of a small engine, the boat itself would move forward by the action of the wind on the cylinder.

The first rotor-ship, the "Buckau," was constructed in 1924. She carried two cylinders, each 50 feet high and ten inches in diameter, and each driven by a 9 h.p. motor.

A considerable measure of success having been obtained, the German Admiralty lent its help and provided the 2,785-ton cargo ship "Barbara." Three rotors were installed, each 60 feet high and 13 inches in diameter, and each driven by an electric motor.

Tests were carried out with rotors alone, when she did 9½ knots; when under power her single screw was driven by a Diesel engine—she made nine knots.

These tests were made under favourable weather conditions; but the ships never inspired much confidence, and it was felt that in a real gale they would be too top-heavy. Still, the ship crossed the Atlantic to New York.

Flettner continued his experiments for some time, but, like so many other queer ship-shapes, the rotor-ship is now only a memory.

SMILES

A QUEER little boy who had been to school, And was up to all sorts of tricks, Discovered that 9, when upside down, Would pass for the figure 6. So when asked his age by a good old dame, The comical youngster said, "I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this, But 6 when I stand on my head."

I came across a half-crown dated 1945 yesterday—evidently someone forging ahead.

Two little fleas decided to retire from business. They bought a dog.

Mary had a little pussy-cat—she also had a linnet. Now she's only got a pussy-cat—'cos the linnet's in it.

Good Morning

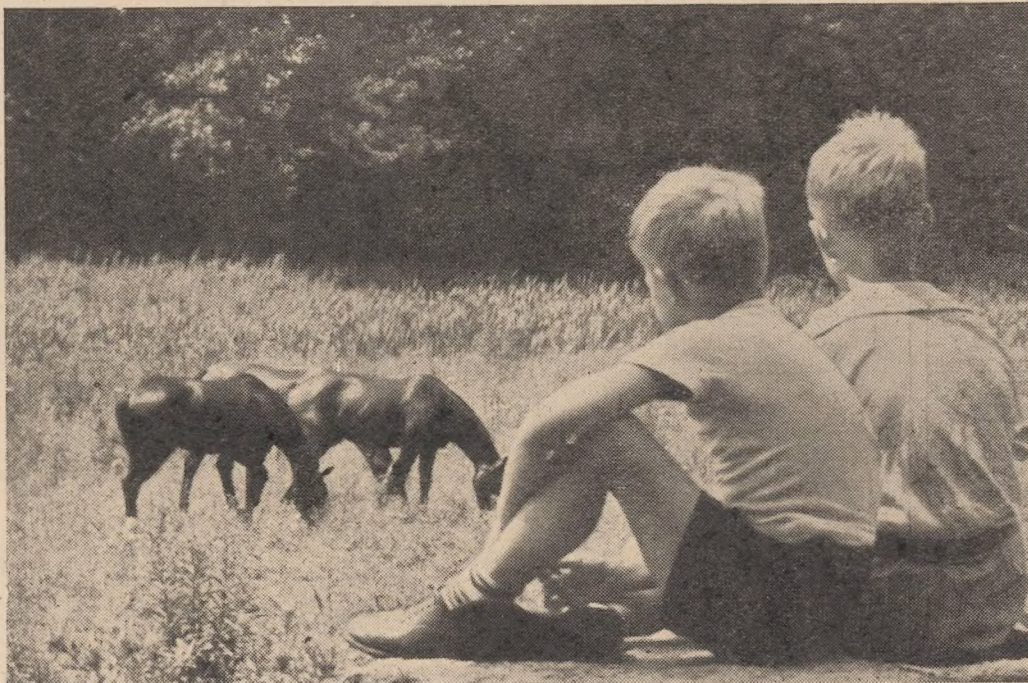
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

If you know the Downland, then you know also, the dewponds. Here is one at Cissbury Hill, Sussex.



"We're all for promotion; but one CAN have too many stripes—don't you think?"



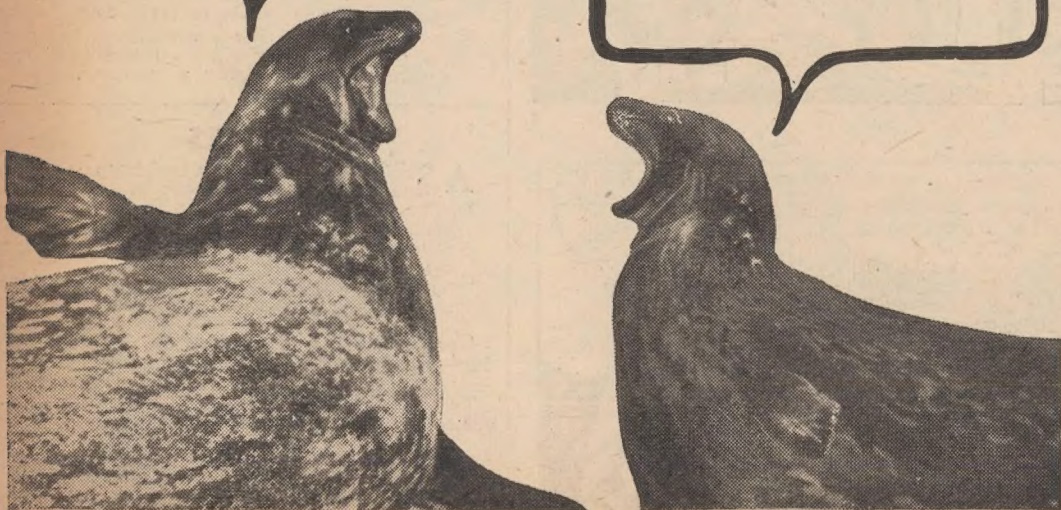
"Cooer! Just imagine we were cowboys and those were our broncos. Naw—what about us bein' cattle rustlers! I'd love to snaffle two of those."



There's nothing like a new hat for making a girl happy.

"How long was it when you last saw a piece of fish?"

"Longer than I could remember, and shorter than I could see"



Study of an aristocratic White Persian, having a very aristocratic think.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, if that aint the last straw!"

